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A Time to Be on Hand

Since last February The Commonweal's circulation has increased by fifteen per cent, thanks to the new atmosphere created by the Council, a higher renewal rate and some modest promotion efforts. Our readership is now at an all-time record level.

In the coming year this lay-edited journal of opinion should move ahead appreciably further. For one thing, the above-mentioned factors will continue to operate. At the same time plans are in progress to give the magazine an increasingly stronger and wider appeal. In addition to the staff's own editorials and to scheduled feature articles, the columns of James O'Gara, William V. Shannon, John Cogley and Robert McAfee Brown will give Commonweal reading a new pointedness and relevance.

To such pertinent reading should be added the candid theater and movie criticisms of Richard Gilman and Philip T. Hartung, as well as the frequent literary articles and each issue's able book reviews. All this shows why during the months ahead it will be an inspiriting experience week by week to read The Commonweal. Send for a trial subscription today.

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THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Measuring the Threat

THE CONTINUED presence of some seventeen thousand Soviet troops and technicians in Cuba is indeed a matter of grave concern to the United States and the hemisphere. Yet the threat that these troops pose, together with the weapons which they control, should be carefully measured so that measured steps can be taken to counter that threat.

The recent extraordinary public briefing on intelligence reports on Cuba by the Defense Department was convincing beyond a reasonable doubt that all the medium and intermediate range missiles, together with all the medium range IL-28 bombers that had been introduced into Cuba were in fact removed. Allegations continue of the reintroduction of these weapons and of others "hidden in caves," mostly from Republican critics of the administration. Yet these charges are all notorious- unaccompanied by any evidence and must be rejected as irresponsible. When they are accompanied by a blurring of the distinction between offensive and defensive weapons, they do a great disservice to the cause of clear thinking about the danger in Cuba.

The fact is that without the weapons cited as removed in the intelligence reports even the presence of so many Soviet troops in Cuba no longer poses an offensive military threat to this country, regardless of the fear. There are any number of reasons why the Soviet Union would find it advantageous to maintain troops in Cuba, but their deployment in a nuclear attack cannot now be one of them.

If the crisis in October served any use, it was to make very plain to the Russians the line beyond which we would consider any provocation to be intolerable. That line was drawn at "offensive" nuclear weapons, and it was made equally plain what these were taken to be. The fact is, of course, that the Russians withdrew. It must be very clear to them now that any attempt to cross that line again will, in President Kennedy's words, lead to "the greatest crisis in the history of the world."

At the height of the October crisis, Mr. Khrushchev did promise that the Soviet forces (of the seventeen thousand Soviet personnel in Cuba now, there are some six thousand combat-ready troops) would be removed from the island "in due course." He has not, up to now, contradicted that promise. On the other hand, up to now the United States has not pressed Khrushchev to make good on it. Now would certainly seem to be the time.

IT MAY BE that Khrushchev is holding out for a "no invasion" pledge from the United States. Such a pledge was originally promised, contingent upon a ground inspection of the removal of offensive weapons from Cuba. Since Castro refused to allow this inspection the pledge was, of course, withdrawn. It is very possible, then, that aside from their use in maintaining internal security and manning the coastal weapons installations, the Soviet troops may be used to secure that pledge from the United States. In pursuing negotiations with Khrushchev, therefore, one hopes that President Kennedy will use every means to avoid such "blackmail." Khrushchev must be held to his original promise, which was made without any reference to a "no invasion" pledge.

If there is a real threat that remains in the continued presence of Soviet troops in Cuba, it is one to the security of the hemisphere, in the sense of the troops' role in bolstering efforts of subversion in the other Latin American countries. That is why it seems most important for the United States now to secure the cooperation of the other Latin American countries in condemning the presence of these troops in Cuba.

This cooperation might best be shown by a joint declaration on Cuba by the Organization of American States. One could also hope for a strong joint

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declaration of policy toward Cuba on the occasion of the President's meeting with the Presidents of the Central American Republics in March. Such efforts will reduce the dangers of bilateral negotiation which Max Ascoli has so effectively scored in a recent issue of the *Reporter*.

Once again, a very real danger the presence of these troops poses is that of a tide of conjecture and rumor concerning them that could swell a demand for "action" which would be virtually irresistible. There is no quick or easy solution to the situation in Cuba. Those who would advocate the use of military force must measure the threat that such action poses. Those who regard the careful efforts of diplomacy to avoid intolerable provocation as "softness" or "appeasement" simply do not understand the nature of war in the nuclear age.

What Now?

DE GAULLE's closing of the door to the Common Market was a blow felt in Washington as well as London. Two courses would appear to lie open. We could accept the de Gaulle decision as final and explore the possibilities in closer economic relations with Britain, the Commonwealth and the underdeveloped countries. This would not preclude America's attempting to make as many favorable bilateral trade agreements as possible. Abandonment of the "grand design," which was ultimately to embrace the Latin American, Asian and African nations, would not necessarily mean discontinuance of such programs as the British Colombo plan, French aid to former colonies or German technical missions in Peru.

It brings to a halt, however, the steady progress of the Six toward the goal of European economic and political union. For this reason alone, the second course, that of continuing the fight for British entry, is preferable. Sentiment in West Europe, to begin with, greatly favors this step. That goes for most West Germans, who also want American leadership in Europe. It is true of Belgium and Holland, who are finding participation in the Common Market an excellent substitute for lost colonial empires. Italy is for it, too. In fact, de Gaulle can have his way among the Six only so long as Chancellor Adenauer continues in office—only a few months longer. Most West Europeans favor membership for Britain in the E.E.C.

Perhaps the most startling aspect of de Gaulle's dramatic press conference was the way it disclosed that his opposition to Britain was for political reasons—when the Brussels negotiators had been tangling with economic difficulties for so long. Europe may indeed one day be supreme in the world. If s it will be through action in concert, hardly throug the illusory leadership of one limited nation suc as France. Because Britain's adhesion to the E.E.C would constitute an important milestone toward united Europe, America should continue to pre for it—whatever the complications or the adjus ments it would in time require over here.

Mental Health

AMIDST the great strides which the sciences hav made in recent years, few have so important bearing on the human person as those advanc made in the treatment of the mentally ill. Ne drugs, new methods of therapy and new insigh into mental illness now promise to break the ba of one of mankind's oldest fears. For all the dran of these new breakthroughs—and a greater publ willingness to confront the reality of mental illness the real work has barely begun. There is still muc that is not known about the origin and cure of me tal illness; still a vast discrepancy between faci ties in different parts of the country; still a treme dous effort required to put the new knowled already on hand into practice.

For all these reasons, President Kennedy's me sage to Congress on February 5, calling for a gre increase in federal expenditures in the area of me tal health and mental retardation, was an importa and timely one. The statistics the President cit are compelling: the 600,000 mentally ill and 20 000 mentally retarded people now in institutio the 1,500,000 people receiving treatment each ye in institutions; the meager average of $4 per d which overcrowded and understaffed hospit spend on the mentally ill. Nor can one for (though it is easy to) the blight of vast, imperso state mental institutions which hide from our ey often until their death, thousands of men a women for whom neither money nor person exists to do more than feed and house them facilities better suited for animals.

The President's program addresses itself to th vast problems. It calls for the expenditure of $3 300,000 in federal funds during the coming fis year and still more in the years to follow. Th funds, to be supplemented by state monies, wo be used for research, the training of needed p sonnel and the improvement of facilities. Of spe note is Mr. Kennedy's proposal for the establi ment of community health centers which wo pool many resources and programs under one r Since it is recognized by specialists that many p sons now in institutions could be cared for at ho

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better out-patient facilities were more generally vailable, these centers could do much to relieve ıe overcrowding of present hospitals.

Need for an Inquiry

EPORTS multiply that the Sudan Republic, which eceives substantial U.N. and American aid, is arassing native Christians and foreign mission- ries. It is a Moslem state with the military in com- ıand. In Khartoum and the north the population predominantly Moslem, but in the more primitive outh, where the persecution is, the people are ıostly pagan. There, also, the government seeks replace existing tribal authority by its own cen- al authority complete with mosques.

Last November's "Missionary Societies Act" the- etically accepts freedom of worship, but sets up ıe most sweeping practical restrictions. A number ministers, priests and nuns have been jailed on olitical pretexts, while one hundred twenty Prot- tant and Catholic missionaries have been expelled nce last October. Many South Sudanese, viewing ıeir new Arab-Moslem overlords as descendants the cruel slave traders whose unspeakable depre- ıtions first inspired the Verona Fathers and other trepid missioners to go to their aid, are fleeing for their lives. Others are seeking baptism literally by the thousands, and by night, in their efforts to avoid Moslemization. The evidence of violations of the U.N. Charter here is sufficient to call for a commission of inquiry.

Catholics and the Bible

IT IS hardly news any longer that a massive biblical revival is sweeping the Church. After centuries of what could only be called a Catholic ambivalence toward the Bible, there can no longer be any doubt where the Church now stands. Nor can it be doubted that the future will see an increased reliance on biblical concepts in theology, catechetics and preaching. Yet, as in so many other areas, it is the popular manifestations of the biblical movement which have most caught the public eye. That, of course, is understandable. But it has also obscured the patient and painstaking work of two generations of biblical scholars.

More than any other group of men, it is the scholars who have made the biblical revival possible. Their lot has not always been an easy one. The first generation of contemporary biblical scholars, led by Père M.J. Lagrange, worked long and hard to dispel the clouds of Modernism which cast a pall

A Note to Our Readers

In the very near future, subscribers will receive in the mail a letter from the "Commonweal Associates," a group of interested readers whose membership fees help to support and extend the work of The Commonweal.

We wish to call this letter particularly to your attention. Today, The Commonweal is confronted with its greatest opportunity in years. After four decades of presenting a decidedly minority viewpoint to a limited circle of readers, The Commonweal now has before it the possibility of both increased growth and increased appeal. One reason for this is the new climate of opinion engendered by the Second Vatican Council. Already this change has helped to produce a substantial increase in circulation within the past year. This is very encouraging.

But in order to maintain its present momentum and to realize its new possibilities, The Commonweal must make contact with many new prospective readers. Unfortunately, in this period of rising costs for such essentials as printing and mailing, we cannot seek out these prospective subscribers without extra funds.

At the same time it is important at this auspicious moment to spend more on the magazine itself. There are, we think, many things which could be done to improve the quality of The Commonweal. We need more money to introduce new features, to expand our coverage of vital public and religious issues and to attract the best possible writers and analysts.

The addition of Dr. Robert McAfee Brown's column, the Washington reports of William V. Shannon and the return to our pages of John Cogley are three examples of recent improvements. But there are still many more things we would like to be able to do to bring our readers a better, more thought-provoking magazine—things which would require extra funds. Indeed, as matters now stand, it is hard to make much headway, out of normal revenues, in the face of our rising costs.

We earnestly hope that you will consider joining the "Commonweal Associates." THE EDITORS

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over Catholic research at the beginning of this century; theirs was an ascetic life which required in many instances years of silence. But with *Divino Afflante Spiritu* in 1944, their work received a decisive blessing from the Church's magisterium. Since that time, rapid strides have been made; it is now taken for granted that a scientific study of the Bible is both necessary and valuable.

In America, much of this work has been carried on in the pages of *The Catholic Biblical Quarterly* which this winter celebrates its twenty-fifth jubilee Along with a bare handful of other scholarly journals, the *C.B.Q.* is today living proof that American Catholic scholarship is beginning to shake off its total dependence upon European work. Now, for the first time, American biblical scholars are in a position to make some contributions of their own Future generations will be in their debt.

HERE AND THERE

A Second Coming

TWO YEARS have passed since this column appeared regularly in The Commonweal, the longest period I have gone in my adult life without a steady writing stint. I really thought I had kicked the habit for good until a recent lunch with the editors in New York. Something happened there, I am still not quite sure what. All I know is that when we got up from the table, I was committed to pick up the column where it left off in February, 1961.

It is a week later, and here I am in far-off California, gazing out the window at a range of purple mountains, with a typewriter before me. The blank white paper set in the typewriter is waiting for words, and the old terror is beginning to close in: Will there be enough words, session after session like this, to keep the promise made at that improbable luncheon table in mid-town Manhattan?

My last hitch as the keeper of a Commonweal column lasted a full decade. It began about the time that Joseph R. McCarthy became a headline fixture and ended as John F. Kennedy moved into the White House. I am twelve years older as this one begins, presumably more mature, certainly more experienced, supposedly wiser. The ideas should be richer, the words should flow more freely. But will they? I am afraid it does not work that way.

Robert M. Hutchins claims that he succeeded in making radical changes during his tenure as President of the University of Chicago only because he was too young to know that the impossible could not be done. A dozen years ago I was almost that young. There was none of the present hesitancy when the column first appeared in 1951.

During these restful two years without deadlines, when I could walk away from the typewriter with a clear conscience any time I had a mind to, I have reread some of the old columns. Many of the concerns expressed in them, the issues that were once so pressing, seem as distant and unreal now as an old war—and to young readers totally immersed in the present, talk about them would probably be as tiresome as the recollections of a Southern colonel.

There would be no point in recalling the controversies that enlivened these pages during the nineteen fifties. Suffice it to say that the mood in both Church and State has been greatly transformed since then. Many of the opinions that seemed terribly venturesome and daring in The Commonweal during that period are now commonplace; they have become part of the conventional wisdom. Others have been quietly buried.

Even during the past two years there have been remarkable developments. For example, the ecumenical spirit has blown over the religious world with such gust that our early, tentative experiments with interfaith dialogue seem almost primitive. Those adventurous Catholics and Protestants who, throughout the nineteen fifties, sought each other out for mutual exploration—mostly laymen, shepherding a few uncertain clergymen into a *terra incognita*—never dreamed, even in their most expansive moods, that it would take such short time to get out of the catacombs. Now when I read about cardinals appearing with Protestant bishops on television programs, or hear about Lutheran theologians addressing Catholic clerical conventions, or see pictures of monsignors congratulating newly consecrated Episcopal bishops, or read Dr. Brown's column in The Commonweal, even 1958 seems to belong to another era.

Of course without Pope John, what took months might have required decades. The Holy Father, not so much by preachment as by example, and in a startling short time, relaxed the stiff-necked, humanized the ideologue, and lifted the Unity of Christians from a frozen formulation to a living concern. The ecclesiastical union of all Christians is probably still centuries off but the unity of charity has been advanced immeasurably. The Christian scandal ("See how these Christians suspect one another!"), *the* scandal, has been diminished; and the opportunity to cooperate in making a better world has been amplified beyond the highest hopes of a decade ago. The National Conference of

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Religion and Race held in Chicago last month is an outstanding example of what can be done.

One would like to believe that this conference was only the first of many efforts to bring the churches and synagogue together on grounds where they can cooperate without any sacrifice of theological principle. For the immediate, insistent problem for organized religion in our time is not so much to establish its divine credentials as its secular relevance. There may have been a time when the "world" asked whether the teachings of this or that religion, or indeed of any of them, were true. That time has passed. The question now is whether our religious traditions are passé. Only after it is established that they are not, will there be any general concern about theological truth.

For example, the modern pragmatically-oriented mind (and our colleges and universities have made it ubiquitous) will not investigate the validity of a doctrine about the brotherhood of man promulgated by churches that seem helpless in the face of segregation. Nor will it heed any theologizing, however brilliant, that is unrelated to the present precarious position of man in a Darwinized, Einsteinized, Freudianized universe, and a world overpopulated, overexplored, over technologized and seemingly perpetually poised for extinction on the nuclear brink.

NOT LONG AGO Reinhold Niebuhr said that all the churches were bedeviled by triviality. Unfortunately, he weakened his argument by listing among the "trivialities" a few central doctrinal teachings of faiths not his own. What might have been a helpful insight turned out, then, to be a sectarian judgment. For with Dr. Niebuhr's theological prepossessions, it is easy to dismiss, say, contraception as a trifle, though it is anything but that for a Catholic. Yet, the central point of the Niebuhr argument was telling. Had he chosen the word "irrelevance" instead of "triviality" to make it, it certainly would have been sharper.

In this connection, it is interesting to note how clergymen and theologians are treated at educational conferences and intellectual convocations. They are frequently deferred to as men with a recondite antiquarian specialty, religion, which everyone feels should be on hand along with the other disciplines represented. But their words are usually passed over lightly.

It is taken for granted at these affairs that what the priest, the minister, or the rabbi says will have little connection with the concerns of those who are struggling with the "real" world and the bafflements of the here-and-now. Clergymen who have taken part in such meetings must notice how their remarks are received with *pro-forma* politeness and passivity of this kind, rather like the silent acceptance given the God-bit which is conventionally tacked on the end of a Presidential address. Usually, when the clergy finish speaking, the search for the thousand lost golf balls is resumed without comment.

When I began my sabbatical two years ago, this question of religious relevance was in the forefront, but the framework for the discussion was itself made up of irrelevancies. The questions that should have been central were obscured by a controversy about whether a Catholic could conscientiously uphold the Presidential oath of office and be a dutiful son of the Church at the same time.

We do not hear much about that one any more, do we? Bishop Pike's *Life* article and the book based on it, which caused a furor, and the hapless statement by the Norman Vincent Peale group, which caused an even bigger one, already seem as dated as Calvin Coolidge's memoirs. And this is not merely because John F. Kennedy happens to be the Catholic in the White House. No matter who he was, the President would be fenced in by the same constitutional safeguards; the same political realities would confront him.

The birth control question, for example, is still a headache for Mr. Kennedy. But would it be any less a headache to any other President, whatever his religion? The nation's forty million Catholics would still be there and so would the ardent parenthood planners. A Baptist President favoring federal aid to education would be confronted by as many difficulties connected with parochial schools as Kennedy faces, for these schools would still be there and so would the millions of taxpayers who send their children to them.

Actually, the most important religious problems Mr. Kennedy has faced, and the ones we should have been talking about, are remote from the preoccupations of POAU, ACLU, and the NCWC. Rather, they seem to be centered on the moral obligations connected with the use of power, military power especially.

During the Cuban crisis, to cite the outstanding example, the President, and he alone, had to decide whether or not this nation was willing to engage in nuclear warfare, with all that would be entailed in such an enterprise. I wonder how much guidance, if any, he got from Catholic theology. I did not see any newspaper speculation about whether he consulted theologians of any faith during those critical days of decision last fall. Even on the unlikely possibility that he wanted to, though, what would even the theologians of his own Church have told him? On this, the most urgent moral question of our time, the ethical and political are so entwined that it is hard to think of any theologian, even in the "authoritarian" Catholic Church, who would venture to speak as one having authority.

JOHN COGLEY

(John Cogley, formerly one of the editors of The Commonweal, is now a member of the Fund for the Republic's executive staff at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California.)

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Striking Facts

THE DOCK STRIKE on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and, to a lesser extent, the long newspaper blackout in New York have once more shaken people's confidence in collective bargaining. It would be too bad if either resulted in hasty and, almost inevitably, ill-advised legislation.

This is not to say that legislation is not needed. The Taft-Hartley Act has never been a satisfactory piece of legislation: it could be much improved. But labor legislation is tricky business, and you rarely get good legislation out of irritation and anger. The trouble is that the President and Congress—any President and any Congress—tend to behave like the man in the joke whose roof was leaky: when it rained he couldn't get up there to fix it, and when it was dry he didn't need to.

The roof is leaking now, but the President and Congress should just live with this fact for awhile. In particular, they should beware of the proposals for compulsory arbitration that are flying around. Sometimes compulsory arbitration is necessary and inevitable, as in public utilities; by and large, though, it is vastly overrated.

The thing to be encouraged is genuine, responsible collective bargaining. The threat of compulsory arbitration does not help this process; it positively hinders it. With the prospect of an imposed "compromise" solution in the background, the temptation is for each party to make extreme demands with the expectation that settlement will be somewhere near "down the middle." Thus compulsory arbitration can reward irresponsibility.

What form should revision of Taft-Hartley take, if not provision for compulsory arbitration? A major requirement is to enlarge the possibilities open to the President. Fact-finding boards, settlement-recommending boards, mediation, injunction, compulsory arbitration and even seizure under certain circumstances—these should be added to the President's arsenal.

That way the President would be able to exercise some discretion. In some strikes he might never intervene at all. In others he would use one weapon or the other depending on the circumstances. As things stand now, the parties in dispute usually know exactly what the President is going to do; often genuine bargaining does not even start until a Taft-Hartley injunction has been obtained. And when that injunction runs its term, the President is virtually powerless.

The last two years have been extraordinarily peaceful on the labor front, partly because of former Secretary of Labor Goldberg's skill at personal intervention. This lull cannot be expected to last, for two reasons. The first is automation; the second is unemployment. Labor is scared on both counts, and with good reason. Despite a general level of affluence, unemployment remains dismayingly high, and in the next decade automation threatens to send it far higher. This fact is in the background of most current labor-management negotiations.

The dock workers talked about hours and fringe benefits; the heart of the matter, however, was the size of the work-gang. Labor-saving machinery would cut down the number of men needed; the union, however, was adamant against any lay-offs. To a lesser extent the same thing is true in the newspaper strike; technological advances would permit a far smaller workforce, if the union would stand for it.

The dock-workers successfully fought off reduction in the size of the work-gang; so far the printers have staved off most of the inroads of automation in the publishing business. Often enough, though, the issue is too big for one union to cope with. The steelworkers won their last strike, but there are thousands fewer steelworkers employed today than there were when the contract was signed. In steel and elsewhere it can be expected that productivity will continue to go up while the number of man-hours actually worked will continue to go down.

I agree that some labor leaders—and some business executives, as far as that goes—are sadly lacking in a sense of public responsibility. Indeed, the lack of any institutionalized means of taking the common good into account is one of the great drawbacks in our labor-management machinery. But this is a two-way street, and certainly nowhere more so than in cases involving automation.

Technological unemployment is a national problem, not just labor's headache. But if the problem is not faced squarely by management and government as well as by the unions, labor will continue to try to solve it alone. Inevitably, these solutions will strike the rest of us as non-rational, and in a strict sense many will be, but we will have only ourselves to blame. If imaginative proposals are not forthcoming—like Kaiser's recent agreement to pay into a retraining fund a set amount for each job eliminated—unimaginative proposals aimed simply at blocking technological advances will be the rule.

These are problems Congress and the President will have to face. But not in haste, gentlemen, not in haste. Meantime, the rest of us should remember one basic fact: we need a greater sense of public responsibility all around, but even so strikes are an inevitable part of a free society. Seen in this light, their cost is not too steep.

JAMES O'GARA

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How to Succeed in Business
without thinking about money

WALKER PERCY

IF ANYONE thinks that businessmen are money-grubbers, mammon-lovers and, lately, status-seekers, here is one businessman who denied it. At least I think he denied it. Anyhow this is what he said.

He was sitting in this Pullman car with two other fellows and one fellow said something that stuck in his mind. Now the Pullman car, in particular the smoker, was the favorite place thirty years ago for exchanging anecdotes, success formulas, selling maxims and for overhearing the same (Thomas Wolfe was a great overhearer of drummers' conversations in Pullman car smokers). It was also a favorite site of *Reader's Digest* anecdotes: The Most Interesting Person I Ever Met, How a Chance Remark Changed My Life. . . . Come to think of it, the decline of the passenger train surely changed more things than traveling time. For an airplane is a bad place to talk, let alone overhear a seminal remark. Businessmen have been reduced to more solitary pursuits such as introspection and watching the stewardesses, a change in mores duly reflected in the *Reader's Digest* which has become at once more philosophical and broader-minded, even throwing in a few naughty puns and some jokes about stewardesses' figures.

Anyhow these two fellows were talking one day in a Pullman smoker and Bruce Barton of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn happened to overhear them. One fellow, a business executive, was saying that it was a shame that nowadays (it was the Twenties) young men were only interested in salary and better positions.

"I spent many years in one business, with one company," said he. "I never asked what my salary or title was to be. None of the men who made that company ever wasted time on such questions. We had the vision of extending our company's service throughout the world, of making it the finest, most useful institution of its kind."

A very good sentiment. All it needs to bring it up to date is the further interest of young men in Retirement Benefits. But the young Bruce Barton made a great deal more of it than that. At the time he had gotten interested in religion, specifically the life of Christ, about which he had some ideas of his own, and it struck him that this remark he overheard was a great deal more than a commentary on the rising generation. It was also an exegesis of the Gospel according to St. John.

"If you're forever thinking about saving your life," Bruce Barton said Jesus said, "you'll lose it; but the man who loses his life shall find it." Which is to say, according to Barton, that the man who really wishes to succeed in business will not worry about making money or gaining status, even if money and status are what he wants. For if you lose yourself in your business, these things will be added to you a hundredfold. "And when they found their lives again" (these fellows in the Pullman) "they were all of them bigger and richer in all ways than they had ever supposed they would be."

The same with the sons of Zebedee, James and John, who wanted to sit on His right and left hand when He established His kingdom. Jesus turned them down: "Whosoever will be great among you, will be your minister," etc. Exegesis? Large corporations must serve the community as well as make a profit for themselves. You might have supposed that the philanthropy of the Carnegies and the Rockefellers was something new, "the spirit of modern business." Not so. Jesus of Nazareth preached it nineteen hundred years ago.

One last hermeneutic of the mysterious passage about the folly of trying to save one's life by saving it: One spring morning this founder of a great manufacturing company tipped a kitchen chair against the wall and asked him (Barton): "Have you ever noticed that the man who starts out in life with a determination to make money never makes very much?" If you want to make money, it can't be done by simply setting out to make money.

SO WROTE Bruce Barton in *The Man Nobody Knows*, published in 1925 and now reprinted in paperback by Bobbs-Merrill. Why? Why reprint it, that is? One reason is that the original hard-cover went into twenty-two

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editions in two years and sold six hundred thousand copies. The publisher must have figured either that Barton wrote a good book or at least that business men might still like it or maybe both. So it has come out again with the hopeful blurb: "The modern life of Jesus Christ, written in crisp, vivid language for the contemporary reader."

Reading it now is a curious experience, inducing fondness and a light vertigo. One is caught between two perspectives, like wearing eyeglasses with one nearsighted lens and the other farsighted. There is the forty years between us and the young Bruce Barton and the Twenties, and there is the two thousand years between us and the other Then. What makes you dizzy is that this relic of Barton's seems quainter and curiouser (and older) than anything from Biblical times. Part of the vertigo comes from the word "modern"—how shall we read it? As meaning what the publisher meant it to mean, that is, "now," or as meaning what it in fact turns out to mean: the last days of an era as finished, kaput, gone as Pompeii?

True, I can recall one era and not the other, so it ought to seem nearer. That is to say, I can remember a Sunday School teacher forty years ago (who must have read this book) telling us that Jesus was not an anemic kill-joy—look at the casting out of the money-changers—but was a virile and muscular man. No doubt Sunday School teachers are still saying that and I guess they should. But after the forty years it occurs to one to wonder if there was ever actually a time when the opposite was taught: that Jesus was actually an anemic kill-joy and not a virile and muscular man.

So it is not really this, Barton's aim to restore manliness to Our Lord, which sets off his Christology as a relic of the Twenties as quaint as cloche hats and technocracy and the Model T. It is not even the "unorthodoxy" which Barton professes so proudly, for of course the word "unorthodox" still carries today the same derivative and honorific sense of "original" and "intrepid." The period air, the attic smell, arises rather from a certain guilelessness, an heroic innocence both in business affairs and religion which lends an endearing quality to the worst (and best) howlers.

It is a bully theology, this. It came from the era of the innocent business man, innocent in the sense that it had not yet occurred to him, the business man, to defend himself or that he would ever need defending. Being a Success in Business had nothing risible about it. One could lay it down as a first principle without the slightest uneasiness about one's unprotected flanks. Businessmen hadn't heard of Babbitt. After all, first principles don't have to be defended, for by their very nature it has not yet occurred to anyone to attack them. But you have to read Barton to believe it: business success awarded absolute primacy so that the Gospels can be read as a sort of primitive Dale Carnegie course and Christ Himself set forth, in all innocence, as the Most Successful Business Man of All Time.

And Barton can tell you why. Did He not start out with an "organization" of twelve men which in the space of two hundred years, etc.? In answer to which one's mouth can only fall open. Polemics fail. Apologetic steam cannot be worked up. It is no use. It is like arguing with Henry Ford about history being bunk. Furthermore, Bruce Barton was a very good fellow.

LET'S BEGIN, says Barton, by getting down to the *real* Jesus, Jesus, that is, "stripped of all creed and dogma." Grab your hats, boys, but it is not what you think. Mr. Arbuthnot, the cliché expert, has led you astray, for when you read about religion being "stripped of creed and dogma," you have reason to expect some familiar sequelae. Question: "When an intelligent and unorthodox man sits down to write an intelligent and unorthodox book about the real Jesus, what is this real Jesus going to be stripped of first thing?" Mr Arbuthnot: "Why, He is going to be stripped of creed and dogma." But it is still not what you think.

You might expect Barton to spring on us the Ethical Jesus or at least the Historical Jesus. Not at all. What emerges instead is the "grandest achievement story of all." In fact, a "miracle," an "eternal miracle." Then has he stripped off creed and dogma and kept miracles? What sort of miracle? This sort, and to illustrate, Barton gives us a parable.

One day there was this business luncheon in New York attended by some of the most distinguished business men in the country. The food was good and the speeches were impressive. But that wasn't the remarkable thing about it. As you looked at the gathering it suddenly occurred to you to wonder: Who are these men? Where do they come from? That one there, an international financier, the son of a poor country parson; over yonder, the world's greatest newspaper proprietor: he landed in New York with less than a hundred dollars.

"When and how and where did the eternal miracle occur in the lives of those men? At what hour, in the morning, in the afternoon, in the long quiet evenings did the audacious thought enter the mind of each of them that he was larger than the limits of a country town, that his life might be bigger than his father's? When did the thought come to Jesus?"

What was the eternal miracle? It was this: "He knew He was bigger than Nazareth."

The thing was, Christ was not divided against Himself. Most of us are. "Most of us go through the world mentally divided against ourselves. We wonder whether we are in the right jobs, whether we are making the right investments. . . ." What causes the dizziness here is that one is not quite certain whether Barton is speaking psychologically or religiously. Does he mean

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that if one follows Christ, one will just naturally make good investments, even as the lilies of the field are clothed? Or does he mean that if one imitates this "quality of conviction" Christ had, one will make good investments? It is hard to say but it doesn't matter much because, unlike the case of the young man who went away sorrowing, one's investments will turn out well in either instance.

NOR is the Old Testament passed over, though Barton admits that the prophets were not on the whole a "friendly" lot. But Samson and Moses are nevertheless an instructive study in contrasts.

Samson had everything; he was physically powerful and handsome, he had courage and opportunity—yet he failed miserably. Why? "He could not organize." Moses, on the other hand, had the two leadership qualities Samson lacked: the ability to take advice and the prudence to take a partner into the enterprise. He took advice from old Jethro ("This thing is too heavy for thee, Moses, for thou art not able to perform it thyself alone!") and so he took Aaron as a partner because Aaron had those qualities Moses lacked. (And he did!) Together they achieved what neither could have done alone.

Back to exegeting Matthew and now to the heart of the matter. The trouble is, the Gospel story is the greatest success story of all time, but the theologians spoiled the Man and the Story. It was because they lived in sad days and so became sad themselves. They erected a graven image. They took the Great Companion, the friendliest man who ever lived, the man with the heartiest laugh, and they made him over into a frightening religious figure. Worst of all, they said that men were in trouble and needed redeeming and so they saw this man's death as, of all things, a bloody sacrifice planned from the beginning of the world. People have been offended ever since. Tom Paine, for example, "Thomas Paine remarked truly that no religion can be truly divine which has in it any doctrine that offends the sensibilities of a little child."

Again one's thoughts stray back, not to the Then, not even to the somewhat later time of those sad theologians who went about "encrusting" the simplest story ever told with "creed and dogma"—but to a far more curious time, the Twenties, surely the most curious era of all and the most remote. As remote as Eden and a good deal more curious, for Eden only had innocence. The Twenties had huge nonsense too but nonsense so innocent that it passes beyond offense. Was there really such a time and did businessmen really behave, if not with preternatural innocence, at least with the eerie guilelessness of Orphan Annie and the child burglars of Dickens?

For in fact I seem to remember it, someone saying that Jesus was the sort of person you would like to take on a fishing trip (p. 51). What I don't quite remember is the Gospels as a figure and a type of business itself, a kind of foreshadowing of Rotary, of the faith and vision of Elias—which Elias? Elias Howe and the sewing machine (p. 63).

Service was the thing and the wheel of Rotary was the symbol. The trouble with the cross is its ancient referentiae: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. It might have made St. Thomas More happy to think on the Four Last Things, but beyond a doubt it made Bruce Barton miserable.

IN THE END we must allow Bruce Barton the last word. There is such a thing as progress after all. Things do get better, in some ways. The Ford has improved since the Model T—in some ways. We have learned more ourselves. For not even a buinessman would write such a book today or read it—I think. Of course, Bobbs-Merrill might report next week that they sold a million more copies. But then too the *Reader's Digest* still sells twelve million copies a month and every one of them says that things are getting better all the time, which is a good sign they are not.

Family: On the Night Robert Frost Died

The powdered sugar icing
on their white cake that evening

was worse than salt
that had lost

its savor,
and frost over

the picture window was a loud
winter shroud.

Caught in the woods
of their dining room, they donned the hoods

and caps of hunters, rode,
woman, man and child,

above the hoof
of their disbelief . .

while the poet picked a stony name
for echo rime
in iambic meter
& told Peter
he'd make a couplet
of it.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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The Catholic As Writer—I

Enemies of Catholic Promise

WILFRID SHEED

IT IS POSSIBLE to have an intellectual revival without an artistic revival; and possible to have an artistic revival without a literary revival. In other words, the Catholic community in America may get all the boom it wants in scientists, teachers, and even critics, and find itself not an artist the wiser for it.

Before live things can come scrambling out of anyone's subconscious, and shake the mud off their scales, a great many things have to go right. The community-intellect is only one of them; the community-aesthetic is only one of them. American Catholics may work away earnestly at these, ploughing their stadiums into libraries, and their funny books into pocket-books, without making any dry bones live.

The first enemy is obviously the over-grown bump of caution among so many young Catholics: caution about taking on a life-time commitment to art; caution about gambling away years on apprenticeship; hysterical caution about tackling a big theme carefully, courageously. To blame this on the Church as such is to miss the point.

Few, if any, societies really approve of the kind of abandonment and obsessiveness that usually go with creativeness (they prefer the good-citizen craftsman like Bach and—who was the other one?). The American Catholic community is no different in this respect from America itself, or from the Protestant community. The difference lies mainly in a sort of ambiguous moral pressure which the American Catholic largely brings to bear on himself—he isn't sure how far he should go, how much he should commit himself—and which is reinforced by persistent counsels of prudentia, moderation, the Church as middle way and nothing but middle way.

The moral problem of dedication is more complex than it looks: but at least some of the astonishing moral training that often kept it from even arising has been relaxed in recent years. The tense, unreceptive will is no longer compulsory at most schools. Rigid custody of the imagination is seen as at least a mixed blessing. The moral law does not still, for so many Catholics, find its richest expression in the boy scout code.

Artistic temperament will always get a narrow squint from the moralists: egoism and humility, slackness and discipline, are mixed in such odd proportions there. But a promising boy need no longer find himself under the blind moral pressure, as soon as he leaves school, to get a good job, start a family, support his parish—pressure which used either to break him or fill him with impotent sourness. The artist is still a moral risk—staying in Paris like that, while his brother Sam is forging ahead in the bank, and thinking like a ninety-year-old man; but it is now at least understood that he *may* not be losing his faith there, that he may even be doing honorable work, though there is nothing barterable to show for it. The residue of bewilderment remaining does the artist no particular harm: it will dissolve anyway into woolly satisfaction when he gets into *Time*.

These general advances in tolerance are a necessary minimum for Catholics because, so long as they remain in the Church, they cannot shrug off lightly the sense of social obligation: if art is not considered even hypothetically honorable and useful, they are likely either to abandon it, or to become pathologically defiant about it.

We have reached a point where the idea of art, if not the fact, is respectable, and where a growth in appreciation is at least a possibility. Whether we get the actual art depends now on whether we can find people with the nerve and talent to devote themselves to it; and on whether these people can master certain more specific difficulties attaching to each form of art. Here I should like to consider a few of the special woes of fiction writing.

IT IS NOTEWORTHY that our poets have so far come much closer to the real thing than our fiction writers have. They are not faced with the same unresolved moral problem as fiction writers are—the problem raised by Pascal when he condemned theatrical performances in toto.

To extrapolate Pascal: direct representations of life can never be morally neutral. They must make a given action seem attractive or otherwise, probable or otherwise—at the very least, dull or otherwise. The reader is given a piece of experience which will slightly modify his judgment thereafter (thus a thousand fatuous

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movies have taught Americans to believe in the happy ending). The fictionist has a moral obligation all right, but of a queer, elusive kind.

The Catholic writer and reviewer are uneasily aware of this obligation, but not quite at the level of thought. They are sophisticated enough to know that a novel should not be a moral tract—and quick to point it out when D. H. Lawrence or some Soviet author errs in this direction. But the repressed awareness breaks through. Our reviewers convert their moral uneasiness into quasi-aesthetic judgments: "the adulterous relationship didn't convince me," "I didn't mind about the sex, only about its inappropriateness to the theme," "*Lolita* is basically dull, dull, dull" (I believe I cribbed this one from Orville Prescott).

Any one of these judgments may be correct. But when you find the same note coming at you in review after review, you have to suspect that what we are really getting is moral indignation in a new guise. A facile reviewer can make any emotional response from shock and terror to simple nervousness sound like artistic judgment; he can murmur his favorite phrase about literary merit (or good theater, or true cinema); but he is blurring things for the artist every time he does.

Because for the artist the only answer to Pascal is that he tells people a certain amount of otherwise unavailable truth: and truth is not something he discovers entirely by himself. If his community (and of course the Catholic lives in two communities, a problem too staggering to go into here) has established certain conventional lies and evasions, the writer will always be affected by them. The artificial sentiment that runs through so much Victorian writing, from Thackeray to Twain, was the responsibility of no one writer; likewise, the beady eye of the Restoration comedy was passed from socket to socket. Our own irresolution about the nature of fiction has led to an evasion that almost every American Catholic writer must either share unconsciously or all-too-consciously renounce; an evasion that talks about art, but feels deeply only about morals, that talks about truth, but backs into something rather like Plato's expedient untruths.

(It is only fair to add that there is another school of opinion that wants so desperately to be in the aesthetic swim that its eyes wander uneasily whenever morality is mentioned at all: as if you could have works dealing with human conduct that had no moral dimension whatever.)

THE WRITER, already squinting with caution, finds every vision further distorted by the community conventions. Let's say he "sees" a man happily married to a second wife. Something wrong there, such a man can't really be happy. Anyway, what good would it do to say so? The author's family would accuse him of advocating divorce. Father Soandso in the diocesan paper would say that the book fails artistically; he would say what the author would like to think, that the man isn't really happy, deep down, and that a real artist would know it.

Well, maybe he isn't happy: but the vision won't go away. Andrè Gide said that fiction was a collaboration between the Holy Ghost and the Devil. Who knows who sent the last vision? The point is that this hypothetical author has so befuddled himself that he no longer knows what is truth and what isn't; he has emasculated himself with prudence. And all because the moral status of fiction has not been worked out, but festers as unresolved problems will. (Once an author has lost his sense of truth, it is immoral for him to go on with fiction.)

To carry our caricature a step further: our hypothetical author gets a new idea. Supposing he balances the happy divorcee with an unhappy one. Too pat? All right, how about having a wise old man talk about the *social* complications, I mean if everybody thought they could get divorces whenever they felt like it, where would we all be? Kind old priest for this role? No, somebody secular would be better—J. Edgar Hoover-type, or (well it's just an idea) how about Bertrand Russell?

This way lies madness, of course, and dreadful fiction. But supposing the writer just lets that vision go and waits for the next one. This looks more like it. Man has affair with married woman, woman becomes Catholic—one thing leads to another and eventually you wind up with something like *The End of the Affair*. Now hear Stephen Spender on that: Spender deduces from the novels of Waugh and Greene that Catholic teaching mainly consists of keeping unhappy people together and lovers apart. The Catholic has a burden here that other writers are spared: besides telling his story right, he has to worry about giving the right impression about Catholic doctrine.

Now, unless you are going to have your J. Edgar Hoover character explaining the whole Catholic teaching on divorce and re-marriage, you are going to have Spender to contend with. The Hoover man will knock the story shapeless as an old soufflé; but if you just tell your story without him, the secular critics are going to assume that you're up to your old propaganda tricks anyway, and the Catholics are going to praise your consummate art. The seculars will think that they've learned a crazy new Catholic doctrine, while the Catholics, observing that you have not for once been unorthodox, will go all aesthetic on you.

The only answer is to write *The Power and the Glory* and it is interesting how often Catholics wish that Greene would write that one again; and that every young Catholic novelist would write it again and again and again. The perfection of compromise achieved in that fine book is tantalizing to reader and writer alike—and we have seen the whiskey priest stumbling hope-

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fully in and out of a score of books since. But there is really only one story in him, and it has been told: truth demands that other stories be told, not all of them so salutary. The whiskey priest doesn't always repent.

NON-WRITERS tend to over-estimate the area of choice open to a writer—as if writing was an impersonal process that could be applied willy-nilly to anything. A writer in fact may have many interests and causes, but have nothing unusual to say about them: his demon says no, this is the one, this crazy one. The Catholic press beseeches him to write like J. F. Powers instead—not realizing Powers' amazing good fortune in having found a small area, a point of view, where many of these questions do not arise—but he can only write like himself, or write badly, or keep quiet.

For this kind of reason, many Catholic writers have avoided Catholic themes altogether—leaving descriptions of the Church to lapsed Catholics and belligerent outsiders. The question of loyalty perches on one shoulder, the question of critical favor on the other. If he writes a pro-Catholic story, the secular will pounce on him; if the story seems a bit nasty about the Church, he will be accused by his own crowd of selling out, or currying favor. (And if he writes a neutral story, nobody will believe it.)

Thus a Catholic often cuts himself off from his own best material. His strongest feelings, his richest experience may concern his life as a Catholic: but for various reasons, he can't tap them. There is something artificial about his relation to them anyway; he can't use them with the candor a novelist brings to his other experience. There is too much self-consciousness and calculation between him and them.

Some writers have broken the ring of frustration by lashing out wildly, eyes-shut, at their Catholic pasts. All their nuns are sadists, and all their priests buffoons: a familiar whining sound comes off the pages as the author picks at his grievances. The lightly-veiled hysteria of these manuscripts is a kind of comment on the restraint and prudence of most Catholic writing: it is a Jungian shadow growing up alongside the excessive piety. (Attempts to make the hysteria sound like prophetic rage are generally unhappy.)

A seemingly more promising solution is the novel of the Catholic center—the novel that describes the world from the Church porch, but seldom looks inside the door. This is an effective vantage-point, especially for satirists like Mr. Waugh—although you sometimes have to make sure that it is a church they're standing next to, and not somebody's stately home, with small chapel attached. A further danger is that the author will assume that the sensibleness of this position is self-evident, and that the readers will not simply take it, and him, as part of the joke.

Anyway, that is only one kind of writer. The man who uses his own most intense experience, including religious, has much more serious problems with his material. Graham Greene, who has permitted himself to be a species of heroic guinea pig, has been accused of making illicit sex joyless—but supposing he had made it joyful? He has been taxed with bad theology for having his characters "pity God"—as if he was responsible for his character's theology, as if anyway this was a theological statement, rather than what it clearly is, a description of human relatedness, like the "angry God" of the Old Testament. And when, in the "Living Room," he puts the case for Christian marriage in the mouth of an unconvinced and unconvincing priest (a likely enough place for it), John Atkins says, there you are, Greene is having a crisis in faith himself, he isn't sure of his own arguments. (Give the argument to a bright priest and it's propaganda again.)

Largely thanks to Mr. Greene, people are becoming more attuned to Catholic themes, and it is no longer necessary to attach a catechism primer to every story that concerns them. But there is still a long way to go. Kenneth Tynan can still jeer at Greene's unwashed saints, as if Greene was proposing them as an article of faith, rather than as characters in a given story. Propaganda is looked for, and propaganda is found.

But the real problem goes much deeper than this petty harassment. Pascal's challenge to fiction underlies the superficial problems. Fiction arouses spurious emotions over non-existent people, and infests non-existent actions with glamor or horror that seem real but are largely emanations of the author's personality. Our army is Mailer's army, our sex is Lawrence's sex. How much in this sense is the Catholic writer's view of life his own? How much will anyone allow it to be? Another thing: Mauriac has discussed (in *God and Mammon*) the whole question of the author's complicity in the actions he describes, and his conclusions are not altogether reassuring about that either. The author cannot sit in judgment on his characters, there *is* complicity. Even in the characters' sins. (In the characters' virtues too? Mauriac doesn't say. In his case, it hardly arises, perhaps.)

THE MORAL ISSUE is extremely complex, and so far it has barely been raised at all. It requires an analysis of the purpose of art and the nature of fiction-art, much deeper than has been even hinted at here. One thing is clear, though: fiction to justify itself must, as I have said, be truth—not edifying, nor peevish, not angled for maximum secular-cum-religious approval, but simply what the author saw the first time the story came to him. If fiction is not this, Pascal was probably right to condemn it.

Complete truthfulness is hard to come by: even the greatest writers have had sickening lapses. A writer trying to live loyally in two communities, with two sets

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of conventions and a dozen mythologies clouding his glasses, may find it altogether beyond him. Or he may yet find a way to turn these circumstances to advantage. If so he might find resources in his faith that no one has ever used, and an extra dimension of imagination.)

To end on a bathetic note of exhortation: one thing at least can be done. Truthfulness requires an accuracy of phrasing that few of our writers have so far mastered. Many of the manuscripts that any Catholic editor sees are sub-literary, limping and staggering wildly between clichés (and, height of pathos, some of the clichés turn out to be misphrased at that). When by mischance these manuscripts sometimes get published, the reviewers are much too kind to them. Although books are made of language as music is made of notes, many reviewers treat the actual writing as either a foppish bonus ("the book is beautifully written") or a most venial oversight. But the truth, especially in fiction, often hinges on the precise choice of words. A scene, character, action can be irretrievably betrayed by a clumsy sentence. Our writers may have better novels in their heads than we will ever know.

Truth in art is as much a question of technique as of good intention: and technique, in writing, begins with the words. Something might be done about that, anyway.

The Catholic As Writer—II

Prophecy and the Novel

MICHAEL NOVAK

THERE HAVE been so few novelists concerned with American Catholic experience to rank with the work of Robert Penn Warren, Norman Mailer, or John Updike, that it is difficult to speak yet of American Catholic fiction. The French have Bloy, Bernanos, and Mauriac; the English have Waugh, Greene, and the lighter Muriel Spark. Of course, while we may not notice it, Edwin O'Connor and J. F. Powers are building the beginnings of an American tradition; both catch echoes of speech, motions of sentiment, familiar to those who share the Catholic experience. Joseph Dever had blazed the trail. There is vast room for further exploration. In what tradition of the human spirit do American Catholics live, and where do its currents take them?

The essayist uses examples, for we have no other way of understanding; but the novelist's work is an example. The novel is a symbol, to be judged by how well it stands for human life. That is why there are degrees among novelists: no one can keep pace with God, and the intent of each novel varies. It may try primarily to record, as the naturalistic novel does—to note details, and catch the quality of a thousand small sensations. It may try primarily to interpret, as the ideological or prophetical novel does—to expose the ideas and patterns of emotion by which men do or should live. Or it may, simply, live—both recording and interpreting harmonically and without seeming effort. And these three intentions are like the three heuristic activities: observing, hypothesizing, knowing.

Description and prophetic interpretation, especially the second, seem to be the pressing need among American Catholics at present. Surely we are tired of the priest novels. O'Connor, Powers, West, most recently Paul Roche—all our Catholic imaginations seem dominated by the priest. Is there no way of writing about grace when it operates among laymen? Do we need the sacrament of Orders to stand for grace, and a priest hero in order to reflect about religious themes? Dostoyevsky needed ecstasy as an expression of grace; Bernanos needed bedeviled saints. Edwin O'Connor's grace in *Edge of Sadness* is a kind of warm wisdom, a learned softness, built up out of events. The last is the promising route. For grace operates only rarely outside of ordinary human channels. The problem of the novelist is to discover the ways of grace in order to be able to contrive their likeness in a work of art.

BUT THE priest novel gets us off the track. Normal secondary causes in the lives of American priests are so contrary to the Gospels that it is extremely difficult to penetrate to Christian reality; that is why the artistic imagination portrays such weary, misled, bored priests. In spite of appearances, Powers and O'Connor say, grace can work; this is fundamentally Graham Greene's solution, except where Greene uses an unrealistic human love as the base for unsuccessful analogy. A better way of tackling the problem might be to catch grace

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BOOKS

FOR BROTHERHOOD

This Books for Brotherhood list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations. The books are chosen from among the many published from August, 1961 through July, 1962. They were selected not for the information about any particular religious group but because they do most to promote understanding among various groups. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee with wide experience in evaluating books, on their recommendations of the best in the field, for children, young people, and adults.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian
Paula K. Lazrus Memorial Library
National Conference of Christians and Jews

ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

SOLOMON S. BERNARDS, Director, Department of Interreligious Cooperation, Anti-Defamation League.

JAMES FINN, Editor, "Worldview."

MARY C. HATCH, Head Librarian, Central Circulation, The New York Public Library.

BARBARA JONAS, Chairman, Adult Book Review Committee, Child Study Association of America.

J. OSCAR LEE, Director, Department of Racial and Cultural Relations, National Council of Churches.

DORIS VIACAVA, Assistant Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

This selection from the complete list
is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

American Protestantism, by Winthrop Hudson. University of Chicago Press. $3.95.

The third religious volume in the Chicago History of American Civilization Series interprets the development of Protestantism as a culture-religion and indicates the dangers it now faces as a result both of this assimilation and the loss of its majority status.

Barriers and Bridges to Brotherhood: Understanding and Improving Intergroup Relations, by Haskell M. Miller. Abingdon Press. $3.50.

Unbiased history, the breaking down of old tribalisms, the present state of better relationships, and practical suggestions for individuals, churches and other agencies. Particularly helpful for those new to the subject of intergroup relations.

Changing Patterns of Prejudice: A New Look at Today's Racial, Religious, and Cultural Tensions, by Alfred J. Marrow. Chilton. $6.95.

On the basis of his observations of group tensions while serving as Commissioner of New York City's Commission on Intergroup Relations, the author attacks many discriminatory practices, explains why they exist, and suggests ways that individuals and agencies can work to eradicate them.

The Children of Sanchez: Autobiography of a Mexican Family, by Oscar Lewis. Random House. $7.50.

Through the use of multiple autobiographies of members of the Sanchez family, deep insight and understanding are gained of the impact of interrelationships as well as social conditions in Mexico.

Christian Faith and Other Faiths: The Christian Dialogue with Other Religions, by Stephen Neill. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

Anglican Bishop Neill answers various theological questions about the religious and non-religious belief systems of the contemporary world, as Christians face competition from Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Communism, and modern primitive religions.

Come out the Wilderness, by Bruce Kenrick. Harper. $3.95.

The story of the East Harlem Protestant Parish in New York City recounts the efforts of clergy and lay people serving and living there to improve the economic conditions of the entire area, including action at City Hall.

The Council, Reform and Reunion, by Hans Kung. Sheed and Ward. $3.95.

Dr. Kung examines the large questions with which the Ecumenical Council of the Catholic Church must concern itself: reform from within and the necessary conditions for a Christian reunion. An informed and formative book, direct, searching and honest.

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In a bold statement on one of the major problems in education today, the author, who is both a teacher and psychologist, describes such aspects of the deprived child as his family and its differences from middle class standards, his attitudes toward authority, and his resistance to formal education.

Diary of a Sit-in, by Merrill Proudfoot. University of North Carolina Press. $5.00.

The day-by-day account of the 1960 "sit-in" in Knoxville, Tennessee, pictures white and Negro students, teachers and other adults achieving lunchroom desegregation with little violence. The book is written with humility and honesty by a white Presbyterian minister.

Drawn in Color: African Contrasts, by Noni Jabavu. St Martin's Press. $4.50.

Contrasts between white and colored, European and African, Westernized and quasi-Westernized, educated and uneducated become poignant under the able pen of this English-educated daughter of a distinguished Bantu family.

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

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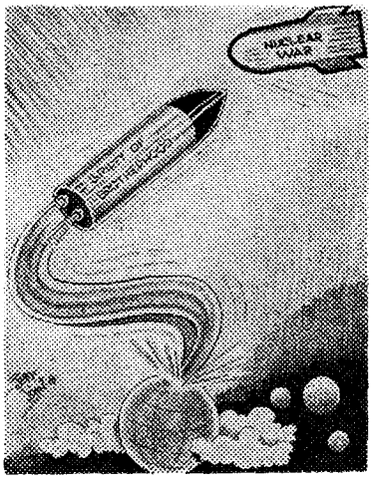

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The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Gomillion Versus Lightfoot: The Tuskegee Gerrymander Case, by Bernard Taper. McGraw-Hill. $3.75.

This brief, documented report is a fascinating account of the personal, social, and legal aspects of the Tuskegee affair. Was the gerrymandering a clear case of racial discrimination and, if so, unconstitutional? The question is pursued until it is answered by the Supreme Court.

The Harvesters: The Story of the Migrant People, by Louisa R. Shotwell. Doubleday. $3.95.

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A Kind of Homecoming, by E. R. Braithwaite. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

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Let My People Go, by Albert Luthuli. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

The autobiography of the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize winner, former South African chief and respected political leader, shows how his Christian faith and commitment to non-violence have influenced his life and the lives of his followers.

The Other America: Poverty in the United States, by Michael Harrington. Macmillan. $4.00.

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Progress and Perspectives: The Catholic Quest for Christian Unity, by Gregory Baum. Sheed and Ward. $3.95.

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Religion and the Law of Church and State and the Supreme Court, by Philip B. Kurland. Aldine. $3.95.

A Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Chicago examines the major issues and outstanding Supreme Court cases in a short but up-to-date review of the country's most knotty religious controversies.

The Second Vatican Council: The Story Behind the Ecumenical Council of Pope John XXIII, by Henry Daniel-Rops. Hawthorn Books. $3.50.

The renowned French writer and scholar provides clear and succinct background material for the present Ecumenical Council so that one can more readily form realistic expectations of its possible accomplishments.

Victory Over Myself, by Floyd Patterson. Bernard Geis. $3.95.

A remarkable self-portrait of a sensitive man overcoming himself and the odds against him to rise from poverty and loneliness to become a great champion boxer.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Becky's Island, by Elisabeth Ogilvie. McGraw-Hill. $3.25. 12-16.

A vacationing teen-ager accidentally discovers a barren island in Maine inhabited by a group of families cast out by the "good" people of the mainland. Against opposition from all sides she determines to help this destitute community.

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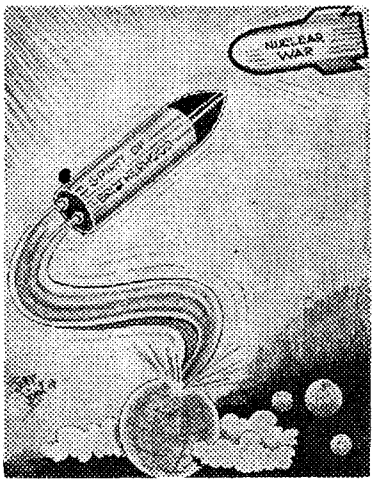

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (continued)

Dangerous Journey, by Laszlo Hamori. Harcourt, Brace. $3.25. 10-14.

An exciting escape story combines the desperate attempts of a young boy to get out of Hungary to reach his parents in Sweden with the grim picture of life in a country behind The Iron Curtain.

The Girl from Johnnycake Hill, by Virginia Frances Voight. Prentice-Hall. $3.50. 10-12.

A fourteen-year-old girl and her mother make a new life on an inherited farm in sparsely settled 18th-century Connecticut, and by dealing with a rapacious white neighbor with courage, and with displaced Indians with justice, win equable arrangements for all.

The Girl from Puerto Rico, by Hila Coleman. Morrow. $2.95. 12-15.

Romance and realism blend in the fictional telling of a family's difficult transition from rural Puerto Rico to cold and crowded New York.

Keiko's Bubble, by Janet Lewis. Doubleday. $2.50. 8-10.

A tender story of family life in Japan, in which Keiko, daughter of a fisherman, brings him good luck by lending him her glass bubble to weight the fishing net.

Mokihana Lives in Hawaii, by Eugenie Soderberg. Photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick. Macmillan. $2.00. 5-8.

Children of Hawaii, through their pictured adventures on the beach, at the fair, at a birthday party, introduce themselves to other boys and girls and share with them some of the customs of their island home, now the 50th state of the United States.

Nomusa and the New Magic, by Reba Paeff Mirsky. Follett. $3.50. 10-14.

Buselapi, the nurse, introduces Nomusa to a modern way of life as the young girl goes to school. This story is a sequel to **Thirty-One Brothers and Sisters** and **Seven Grandmothers.**

Playtime in Africa, by Efua Sutherland. Photographs by Willis E. Bell. Atheneum. $3.00. 5-8.

Happy children in Ghana, full of the spirit of fun like children everywhere, speak through their pictured songs, dances and games, to invite all children to "come and join our playing."

Secret of the Tiger's Eye, by Phyllis A. Whitney. Westminster. $2.95. 11-14.

The scene of this mystery story provides an American girl and boy with the opportunity to learn something of South Africa, its people and problems, and, in spite of their own conflicting personalities, to achieve mutual understanding and respect for each other.

Ten and a Kid, by Sadie Rose Weilerstein. Doubleday. $2.95. 9-11.

A delightful view of a Jewish family in a Lithuanian village of two generations ago is presented through the eyes of eight-year-old Reizel, who believes that all good things are brought about by the little white kid who enters on Seder night in place of Elijah.

Winter Without Salt, by Georgiana Dorcas Ceder. Morrow. $2.75. 8-10.

The loss of salt brings additional hardship to a frontier family living in fear of Indian attack. Twelve-year-old Peter learns that there is good and bad in every race, and that friendship extended instead of enmity brings a return in kind.

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hen the appearances are good: to capture the good ill acting in face of difficulties beyond its understand-ıg. Some such concept may help the artist turn to the ves of ordinary laymen and depict that part of them hich "transcends nature" without being miraculous r extraordinary. The ordinary world in which we live nd move is the world of grace; "natural" is an ab-traction.

Mr. O'Connor gives us the unreflective Catholicism f Boston; the locale prevents him from capturing the evolutionary spirit sometimes present in America, and style of Catholic inner life that is not Boston Catholic. hat is why both *Edge of Sadness* and *Last Hurrah* o not seem like "Catholic" novels; they are descrip-ive, not interpretive—or, rather, they catch a Catholi-ism without much idea content. There is need for ther descriptive novels, like John Updike's images of astern Pennsylvania. But there is a greater need for he prophetic novel, in the spirit of Bloy and Bernanos.

The prophetic novel tries not so much to record, as o stir, to shock, and thus to uncover the bitter realities f the life of grace. ("The Word of God is a white-hot on," wrote Bernanos.) Religious people in America hoke under conventional pieties and legalistic atti-ıdes. They are kept from religious roots as cellophaned omatoes from the earth. They are suffocated, as Berna-os saw, by "an unseen gas." The indispensable means or making religion intelligible in America is to dis-nguish religion from its suffocating parodies.

In his recent *New Yorker* article on the American Negro, James Baldwin, who had bitten off much of it, omits Christianity from his mouth for its tepidity nd hypocrisy. Yet the principles by which he judges merican Christianity are Christian principles. In that rticle, Baldwin thinks with a Christian intelligence, eels with a Christian sensibility, even though his ex-eriences with Christianity as practiced in this country re repulsive. To write a novel about the inner Christian ore of some lives in America, the novelist must find vocabulary for distinguishing that core from the com-ıon uncritical, dehumanizing practices, conventions, nd legalistic attitudes; the churches are afflicted with pharisaism as thick as in the time of Christ. Such a ocabulary will be shocking to many, who think them-elves religious. The reality of human life is to a great extent ugly and irrational: grace is not comfort; Christ suffered atrocities.

Only there is a conspiracy against reality in America. Public relations men are paid to "cover up"; businessmen are exhorted by their companies to repeat that "things are looking up"; announcers on radio and television draw salaries for their intense enjoyment of products it may be doubted they enjoy. Men avoid a serious movie because: "I see those things all day, why should I pay to see them?" They add: "It's too pessimistic. Life isn't like that. I want to relax for a couple of hours." Their lives are full of such silent horror—boredom perhaps, inner death—that they must escape. The saints wrestle with drought and acedia. The desert of love, Christian life is called, not a land of dreams. But in America there is a myth which denies that life is broken and incomplete, denies the distortions in man's life, the difficulty in being faithful to oneself, the irrationality of events and motivations; and this myth is art's greatest obstacle among us.

IT IS true that the American people are not so corrupt as the cultural current in which they live. Some bewail the movies and the advertising; many dislike the music to which they regularly listen. Some try to keep their souls detached from the cheapness all around them. They are forced to marvel at ever new technical accomplishments, and hence are susceptible to modern trickery: the wide screen, the noisy transistor radio, the chrome styling, all somehow related to Project Mercury. Family by family, Americans are good people, strong in their religious tradition or inherent natural dignity; they privately protest the circus of vanity through which the hucksters whirl them. But they cannot discriminate. They are defensive when intellectuals, criticizing aspects of their life, expect that they can.

America is the land of Europe's proletariat. Europe's poor arrived in America undeveloped in sensibility and in intelligence; simple qualities of character were the sole wealth their religious and natural traditions had given them. They struggled and became, through high wages and mass production, not a proletariat but a new kind of bourgeoisie: a workers' bourgeoisie. They have not yet become sensitive, perceptive, cultivated. They were paternalistic peoples when they came, depending often on their pastors for nearly all their cultural guidance. They could not discriminate in this bewildering culture; they clung blindly to conventions. Today they are still a tight, conservative, restrictive people, especially in America's small towns, and in her city ghettos. The clergy is the product of the people. It rarely exercises the function of prophecy among them. It is often the focal point of legalism and conformity.

This fact is peculiarly crucial for Catholic cultural life. Beyond what the sacrament of Holy Orders makes legitimate, the Catholic priest receives an extraordinary

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degree of veneration from his people. Since he confects the Eucharist—"holds God in his hands"—in Christ's name, but by his own judgment absolves sins, and lives that extraordinary life, the life of voluntary celibacy, the priest has a great hold on the imagination of his people. They are habituated to his broadened authority. Since the ordinary organs of Catholic culture, schools, presses, meeting places, are under clerical control, the state of the sensibilities and the intelligence of priests and bishops determines the ease or the difficulty of cultural enlightenment.

THUS THE artist in America who is concerned to express the Catholic experience encounters two major difficulties. In the first place, the greater number of American priests seem to conceive of themselves as units in an organization, of which obedience is, like electrical current, the bond of unity; they seem to visualize their task as the implementing of general directives that come from above, keeping the peace, filling a beneficial role. Very few seem to conceive of themselves as ordained to see, to judge, to act; to be instruments of prophecy, the avant-garde of a cultural change generated by the yeast of the Gospels. The general ranks are heavy, lacking insight, lacking courage.

Correspondingly, the Catholic people have no real cultural leadership; they waste their energy crusading for illusions. They protest symptoms, rarely the radical disease. They picket a movie, but do not picket Hollywood. They protest dirty pocketbooks, but do not execute the changes in the sexual education of their young which would help cure the fascination with sex that abounds in our environment. They praise sacrifice and motherhood, but rarely warn against Mom's inverted egotism and religious illusions.

In the second place, the novelist soon becomes aware of a radical disharmony between American Catholic intelligence and its emotional and imaginative life. In seminaries, and therefore to some extent in sermons and in schools, a psychology is still sometimes taught in which the will and abstractive intelligence are supreme; the emotions and imagination are scanted as inferior faculties. Furthermore, "the will" and "abstractive intelligence" are themselves studied as abstractions, as if they worked in a vacuum or could be clearly isolated from the psyche. Such psychology dates from late Scholasticism, after the Augustinian modulations which Aquinas retained had been shredded in the gears of essentialistic logic. The Roman and Napoleonic requirements of canon law, so different from English law, abetted the abstraction from living men and human situations.

The result is that the neglected area between emotions and abstractive intelligence proliferates with self-deceptions. O'Connor and Powers must be read with this in mind. Prayer is an abstract duty to be performed, through stoic overcoming of distractions; it is not silence in the presence of a friend. Sacrifice is an abstract duty, not a living tribute paid the irrationalities in life Obedience is an abstract duty; therefore, rule out your own intuition and responsible intelligence—do what you're told and keep your peace. Even love of God is treated as a matter of obedience. American Catholicism is in many respects like logical positivism, with Kant's sense of duty, lived out in practice. The emotional and imaginative life of many is so far submerged beneath logical categories that they do not know themselves only the structures impressed upon them. (Not for nothing, I am told, do Eastern American Catholic environments, in a proportion higher than other environments, provide streams of classic Freudian types.)

Mr. O'Connor manages to enter this explosive area by merely describing, with humor, without intent to compare or to awaken. He limits his sensibilities to his material; one has only to compare *Edge of Sadness* to *Diary of a Country Priest* to grasp the difference in intent. Mr. Powers, in *Morte d'Urban* and in his rectory stories, works by mordant, detached wit rather than by warmth. Yet he, too, compared to Bloy and Bernanos, merely describes—even if it is living death that is his subject.

WHAT, then, is the relation of the novelist to the community of which he writes? Is he only a recorder? Is prophecy a surrender to non-artistic purposes? The world of art does not exist only for itself; its purpose is also to communicate. To communicate sometimes means to awaken: the artist earnestly wishes other men to see, particularly if at the time men are being blind But what is it that he wants other men to see? That is what makes the crucial difference. If it is only a program, a system of propositions, a social form, art is serving ideology. But if the artist's commitment is to the impulse of the pure, unattached, burning drive to understand, then he is not an ideologue, he is a man He is struggling through the constrictions of codified images and frameworks to reach the depth of universal form, to catch glimpses of that subterranean river which is the current of our souls. He is a free man, critical of all but what is perfect.

It is thus that art is irrepressible by tyranny, and why the religious and artistic spirit meet at a spiritual point anterior to the concepts of temporal, imperfect institutions. The artist is a prophet. Moreover, even as a Christian, he is first of all man, then a redeemed man Nor can he, *qua* artist, give his final allegiance to a temporal form except in its full intent. As artist, he is not limited by verbal propositions; he is trying to show by symbols an intelligibility that abstractive proposition cannot reach. In the religious world, he goes beyond the theologian; in the secular, beyond the scientist.

The symbols of art are not nearly so translucent and

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lear as those of science; but they go out into darker nd farther regions—into the mystery of our destiny, nd into the interior of our identity, where science annot go. A religious man might even be better predisposed than a naturalist for such regions, since he s by faith accustomed to entering the dark, questioning is destiny, seeking *sub specie aeternitatis* his identity—f he were not too easily led to giving programmatic nswers, in concepts not prophetic but conventional.

Immediately and in fact, the Catholic in America aces grave liabilities if he attempts to express the Cathlic experience in his art. First, there are the minor easons: he will scarcely find much support in his amily; in families climbing toward respectability, a on or daughter artist is reason for apology. The myth f success will not allow him to embrace poverty and ong obscurity. In a Catholic school, he will find few o give him intense criticism and outlet, few to spur im toward great ambitions. It is unlikely, given his estless temperament, his audacity, that he will be alowed to think of himself as faithful and loyal. There as been little psychological room for prophets in Amercan Catholicism, and not a few notable talents (Mary IcCarthy, Eugene O'Neill, James T. Farrell, John)'Hara) felt they had to leave for air. Finally, if instead of covering up reality in his work, he struggles to uncover it, he will find arrayed against him nearly the whole stolid, undiscriminating, unmoving weight of middle-class America. He will find not least prominent in that solid front some from among the priests, sisters, ladies of the altar societies, men from Holy Name groups, and even youths from the sodalities, whose experience in that Mystical Body universal enough to incorporate all of them he is trying to express.

There is much room for novelists about the Catholic experience in America. Obstacles enkindle ardent spirits. But if the artist is to be true to this earth and to a God made flesh, he must guard his spirit of perfection. It is not the external world that he expects to be perfect, not an earthly paradise that is to be evoked by the work of art. To wish perfection is to wish escape. It is rather the inner critical spirit of man that must be kept perfect, kept pure, that inner eye of which the Gospels speak. If the artist depicts perfection as ecstasy, good feeling, happiness on earth, he is a false prophet. For his gift, by its perfection, does not speak of earth. If he depicts the human ideal as arduous, if he writes of insight as difficult to win, of courage, of humble charity, each exercised on this imperfect earth, that is the fruit by which we shall know him.

An Exchange of Views

"The Appeal of Golding"

Washington, D.C.

'O THE EDITORS: I find it difficult to accept Brother uke Grande's view ["The Appeal of Golding," Jan. 25] at there is hope in the world of William Golding's *ord of the Flies*. Brother Luke argues that "there are e Ralph's who are still able to weep; there are the iggy's who hold onto 'the conch of order' and the pectacles' of right reason." But in actuality, by the ovel's conclusion Piggy and the conch have been nashed, the spectacles have been used to destroy the land paradise, and Ralph is saved at the last minute nly by the somewhat awkward device of having the dult world intrude upon the island's. That Ralph can eep only underlines the darkness of Golding's world iew: man realizes not only his innate depravity but also is inability to control that depravity within a workable ocial order. In short, man's free will, if it exists at all, ineffectual. This point is further underlined by the ct that Ralph's rescuers must return to their own adult ar and seek out their prey.

It is difficult, moreover, to resolve Brother Luke's enthusiasm for Golding's understanding of man's nature and moral problem with his acceptance at face value of the scene in which Simon, the young mystic, confronts the "Lord of the Flies." In this scene the "Lord" tells Simon that "Everything is a bad business," that "I'm part of you . . . I'm the reason why it's no go. . . ." In other words, the "Lord of the Flies" holds that man lives in insuperable darkness, that there is a depravity in man which makes all his attempts at justice and order futile. (It is, of course, possible that "The Lord of the Flies," or "Beelzebub," is lying, but Simon's death and the other depraved actions which take place on the island would indicate that Golding intends the "Lord's" words as an accurate pronouncement on human nature.) Now it is one thing to reject a Rosseauistic view that evil derives from social institutions, but it is quite another to regard man as incapable of overcoming his own proclivity to evil.

What I regard as Brother Luke's misreading of the novel derives largely, I think, from his enthusiasm for Golding's symbolic technique: "The symbols work as

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all good symbols should; they crystallize the intangible, they clarify the obscure. . . ." On the contrary, I believe that Golding's lavish array of symbols tends to make the novel too patently "artistic" and to mitigate the possibility of genuine human anguish in many scenes. As Henry James said of Hawthorne's symbolic approach in *The Scarlet Letter*: "there is a great deal of symbolism; there is, I think, too much. It is overdone at times, and becomes mechanical . . . in such a process discretion is everything, and when the image becomes importunate it is in danger of seeming to stand for nothing more serious than itself."

Moreover, rather than making the tale clearer, Golding's symbols tend to obscure certain of the book's inconsistencies. Thus, on the moral level, the symbols contribute little to our understanding of Golding's attitude toward free will. Nor do they clarify the level of social criticism. Jack "symbolizes" the mentality of the twentieth-century totalitarian militarist and functions as villain in destroying the island's democracy. Yet what would be the point of resisting Jack if the "Lord" is right and man is insuperably depraved? After all, Calvin's Geneva was a totalitarian state.

I thoroughly agree with Brother Luke's point that the book's popularity is directly attributable to its large school-age audience. But this fact is hardly a compliment to the schools. Rather, it reflects a divorce between the English classroom and social and political realities; it reflects the "find-the-symbol-pick-your Christ-figure" approach which has dominated America literary criticism since the end of World War II. In thi respect it is interesting to note that Golding is himsel a teacher, that his novel has achieved its popularit largely as a textbook and student discussion piece, an that the novelist has even attained a type of academi Valhalla in being catalogued in the "*PMLA* Annua Bibliography."

Brother Luke hails student enthusiasm for *Lord of th Flies* as an instinct toward the reassertion of moral re sponsibility by the young, a reassertion which involve a rejection of the perfectibilitarians and their belief tha evil is the product of unfavorable environment. It i interesting to note, however, that at the heart of Gold ing's view of man are two key concepts which soci historians such as Richard Hofstadter have seen a cornerstones of American conservative political theory the Darwinian view of life as a jungle struggle and th Calvinist view of man as innately depraved. I wonde whether this instinct toward moral responsibility on th part of our youth is the same instinct which keep Georgetown students indifferent toward the plight c the Negro in southeast Washington or which prompt Fordham students to remain unresponsive to the prob lems of Spanish Harlem. I wonder whether this is th same instinct which motivates the current campu popularity of such spokesmen for moral responsibilit as William F. Buckley.

FRANCIS E. KEARN

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The Author Replies

Memphis, Tenn

TO THE EDITORS: I am afraid that the prospect c a critical quarrel between Francis Kearns and me, de spite the possibly exciting charges and counter-charge that might have taken place over the absolute meanin or significance of Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, is doome not to take place. Such controversies depend largel upon the intransigence of two parties in maintainin positions that are respectively black and white or easil simplistic—and I long ago learned to distrust sweepin generalizations and easy labels. In fact, I had thoug such neat categories as *Rousseauvian/Hobbesian, libe al/conservative*—although adaptable to nicely balance sentences with rhetorical feeling and rhythmic antitl eses—had gone out with the "liberal imagination" a couple of decades ago.

And what seems crucial in Mr. Kearns' objection t my treatment of Golding is my failure to tag an pigeonhole him as a philosophical pessimist, whole an complete, in the congregation of Calvin. Mr. Kearn of course, has his own thesis (in *America*, Jan. 26) th *Lord of the Flies* is a conservative-Calvinist allegory a very stimulating interpretation that makes for syn metrical contrast with the liberal-Rousseauistic traditic

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which he proposes as the literary ethos of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. But, while interesting, such a schema should be proposed tentatively, since the method can become a kind of literary game where "you pays your money and you takes your chances."

For example, in his own evaluation of *The Catcher* (which he ultimately pegs as "liberal" and "Rousseauistic"), Mr. Kearns says that Holden Caulfield cracks up against "the obduracy of a depraved society," against the "inevitable progression from childhood to adult corruption." He is eventually a victim of this society—which sounds strangely like a "Calvinistic" one. While I would be the first to grant a measure of plausibility to the liberal-Rousseauistic characterization, why cannot Holden's world (on the basis of Mr. Kearns' own text just quoted) be considered conservative-Calvinistic rather than liberal-Rousseauistic? My purpose in using Mr. Kearns' own text is not to "get out from under" my own analysis, which, after all, is the interpretation under discussion here, but to illustrate the alarming ease with which the game of picking your quotes and proving your thesis can be played. Nor am I suggesting that Mr. Kearns is guilty of critical chicanery so much as that he may be a victim of a slight case of oversimplification.

I am wary, as a result of frequent and painful disillusionment, of any thesis quite so pat. Swift is still erroneously judged by some to be a misanthrope, despite the reams of defense stemming from Quintana-lays, and the error is again one of attempting to reduce a complex statement to a simple one: the simple statement, the valid examination of one facet of a work, should not be taken as a summary of the whole. There is a measure of truth to Mr. Kearns' thesis, but it is a measure and not an epitome of the book's truth.

Mr. Kearns assumes that *Lord of the Flies* holds that man lives in insuperable darkness, that there is a depravity in man which makes all his attempts at justice and order futile"; on this assumption he attacks the efficacy of Golding's symbolism (for example, "Jack" is symbol): Mr. Kearns says, "Yet what would be the point of resisting Jack if the 'Lord' is right and man is insuperably depraved? After all, Calvin's Geneva was totalitarian state." The "if" clause is not completely acceptable, nor is this perhaps unconscious "straw-man" technique; for while Golding's mood is "somber" it is not unmitigated pessimism, while his metaphysic is gloomy" it is not uncontrasted black. True, "Piggy" is killed. But, by analogy, is Marlowe a pessimist simply because "Faustus" goes to hell? Must one assume that there will never be another "Faustus" in whom the branch might grow full straight rather than crooked or a "Piggy" that might win the struggle of right reason? Furthermore, "Ralph" *is* saved, a fact that cannot be ignored or dismissed as an "awkward device" merely because it does not fit one's thesis. One cannot have it both ways.

Essentially the difference in our reading of the book concerns Mr. Kearns' assumption that the book is a throwback to the "Calvinistic doctrine of natural depravity." But one need not be a Calvinistic pessimist to believe that evil exists in man—whether it is "natural Calvinistic depravity" or the old belief that "In Adam's fall/We sinnéd all." Evil *does* occur in the world because man fails to use his free will for what is right and just; evil is no longer evil if it is the result of unwilled fate (even Montaigne in his "infamous" *Apology for Raymond Sebond* was aware of this). And it is difficult to see *Lord of the Flies* as neutral naturalism; in it there is at least implicit judgment against evil in the world resulting from abuse of freedom, resulting from aberration from right reason.

The tenor of much philosophy in the last century, despite the vogue of existential pessimism, has been largely optimistic, basing its rosy outlook upon scientific progress and, as Mr. Kearns has pointed out so well in his article on Salinger, upon a Rousseauistic, prelapsarian conception of man. If Golding has rejected such euphoric prepossessions, he need not be listed necessarily as a Calvinistic pessimist.

I refuse, of course, to be trapped into a position of defending Golding as a happy primitivist, but just as certainly do I refuse to deny him the title of at least "humanist"—which, in my definition, would include the admission of willed human struggle between good and evil rather than the determinism of degeneration. "Simon," after all, who has the "mystic-vision" of evil, *does* see man not only as "sick," but as "heroic"—and in the game of picking quotes one can hardly underscore the word *sick* and ignore the word *heroic*.

Finally, in continuing the game of picking through the pile for convenient either/or evidence, Mr. Kearns, citing specific examples of student-indifference to social injustices, doubts, apparently, that the student's instinct for moral responsibility really exists; however, for every case of student indifference, a believer in twentieth-century youth's generous commitment could cite cases of mature social awareness—let's say, in sympathetic sit-ins in the South, in C.C.D. work throughout the United States, in Catholic Action in New York City (I refer you to Monsignor Rea), and in the Peace Corps.

Perhaps I am an incorrigible optimist in sensing a light in Golding's gloom—but, in literature, it has always taken great optimists, who expect so much of struggling human nature, to project the most bitter contrasts with the ideal. May Golding not be such an idealist? I will make no categorical answer. But, if I am wrong, a vast number of readers have been hoodwinked, and the book is either a muddle-headed hoax or a herald of another Calvinistic "Great Awakening." *I* see it as a persistence of the perennial humanist vision in the twentieth century.

LUKE M. GRANDE, F.S.C.

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THE SCREEN

The Child Is Father of the Man

THE quotation that Harper Lee uses at the beginning of her thoughtful novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird,* is from Charles Lamb: "Lawyers, I suppose, were children once." If ever a movie caught the spirit of a quotation and the book that illustrates it, it is this film produced by Alan J. Pakula and directed by Robert Mulligan from Miss Lee's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. Although made in Hollywood, "To Kill a Mockingbird" has re-created the atmosphere of the Depression in Maycomb, Alabama, and has peopled this tired old town with Miss Lee's unforgettable characters.

Much of the credit for the success of this film must go to Horton Foote who wrote the excellent script, which selected and made changes in the incidents, while still retaining the feel of the original book, that covers three years in the story of Atticus Finch and his two children. The story is mainly concerned with the warm, healthy relationship between a widower and his children. The widower is a lawyer, and he wants above all else to have his son and daughter, who are nine and five at the picture's start, in 1932, to know justice and tolerance and kindness—even in a town where injustice and prejudice are often prevalent.

It is also to the credit of "Mockingbird" that the film seems as unpretentious as the book itself. Actually this is due to the artistry of the film makers who chose a first-rate cast that has only one name-star on its roster and that was directed superbly by Mulligan. Gregory Peck has never been better than as Atticus, the fortyish lawyer who wants to do right by his motherless children, teach them to think for themselves, and always retain his own self-respect and integrity in a community that calls him a "nigger-lover" because he agrees to defend a Negro accused of raping a white girl. Mr. Peck brings a warmth and sense of humor to the role that he has seldom displayed; and while he is not exactly the main character, he is the key to the story.

The children are the principals, and the story is told from their point of view, particularly from that of the girl who relates the events of these three years many years later. Director Mulligan was especially successful in having us see these exciting episodes that add to the whole through the eyes of the children. He was also fortunate in having Mary Badham play Scout, the tomboyish girl who thinks her brother and father are wonderful—as indeed they are. Equally good is Phillip Alford as Jem, the four-year-older-and-wiser brother Little John Megna is also first-rate as Dill, their young friend who turns up every summer, and is just the kind of a pixy who eggs them on to new mischief and daring.

The supporting cast is fine throughout, especially Brock Peters as the dignified and crushed Negro falsely accused of rape, Frank Overton as the sheriff, Estelle Evans as the Finch's Negro maid, who rules the children with an iron hand and always has the backing of Atticus, who would accept any help in the right direction.

"Mockingbird" is well crowded with many little scenes that warm the heart of the beholder but also indicate the direction in which the children are going along the path followed by their noble father. And these little revealing episodes add to the suspense of the big, exciting climaxes that turn up from time to time.

The courtroom scene, in which Atticus defends the Negro who couldn't possibly have assaulted the "white trash" girl who accuses him, is one of the most moving scenes I have ever witnessed in a film. In the stuffy courtroom of the extreme Maycomb summer heat, the tension and heat increase as it becomes more and more obvious that the accusing girl is lying. Atticus makes a brilliant summary speech. His children are sitting suspensefully with the Negroes in the court's Negro gallery. And when the Jury finds the innocent man guilty the defeat becomes almost unbearable.

The last straw comes at the scene's end. As the crushed Atticus, who realizes he failed to save a guiltless man, is leaving the courtroom, all the Negroes in the gallery stand to pay tribute to the good lawyer who did his best to help one of their people. None of the other big scenes—the near-lynching, the mysterious episodes connected with half-mad Boo, or those showing "white trash" at their worst—rise quite to the height of this disturbing courtroom scene.

"To Kill a Mockingbird" is not meant to be a big picture. Its main asset is its lack of pretension, and I hope when Oscars are dished out in April, this excellent little film is remembered. (It qualifies for nomination because, although its national release date is March, it was released in Los Angeles before the end of 1962. Furthermore, lest any Americans worry about any bad propaganda in the film about misbehaving Southerners, "Mockingbird" says as effectively as any propaganda that there *are* Southerners on the side of justice and tolerance, that there is hope for a country in which lawyers like Atticus are guiding their children along the right paths.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

The Commonweal's 1962 series on "The Layman in the Church," published by Herder and Herder as a paperback, with an introduction by James O'Gara, is now available at local bookstores ($1.75).

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Critics' Choices for Catholic Book Week

NNE FREMANTLE

The Dyer's Hand. By W. H. Au-n. Random House. $7.50. A col-ction of essays by one of the most mpletely adult human beings alive, d one of the most literate of Chris-ns. That he is also a supreme poet evident in his superbly made prose, at is never poetic, never anything t a perfect instrument, good as ead, and as nourishing. Here are says worthy to put beside those of alter Pater's two antithetical Cath-ics, the "bitter son of Monica" and e "gentle sieur de Montaigne."

Daily Life in the Time of Jesus. H. Daniel-Rops. Hawthorn. $6. is is an absolutely fascinating ac-unt of the ordinary things our Lord w and ate and did. When His other told Him to eat up his vege-bles, He ate peppers, endive, car-ts—but not tomatoes, corn or pota-es. What the political situation was, hat the language—not just that it as Aramaic, but how much Greek He knew or didn't know—all these facts make up a learned book that is a pleasure to read.

The Lonely African. By Colin Turnbull. Simon and Schuster. $4.50. Just where is Africa, and just what is it? Mr. Turnbull, who has lived with the pygmies, and is author of the lovely *The Forest People* here looks at Africans in Africa, and sees us as we must appear to them. From that "agonizing reappraisal" of ourselves as bringers of dirt, disorder and disease, he takes individual human beings and ponders their problems. St. Augustine said that charity was no substitute for justice withheld: in this book, Mr. Turnbull tries to be just, and succeeds as well as any non-African can.

The Duchess of Dino. By Philip Ziegler. John Day. $5.95. A young English diplomat has written an excellent first book. This life of Talleyrand's niece-by-marriage and mistress is also a look at European diplomacy in the first half of the nineteenth century, and a vivid picture of how the stakes were played at the top table by a woman, born a duke's daughter, immensely rich, and lovely from six to sixty-five.

The Natural and the Supernatural Jew. By Arthur A. Cohen. Pantheon. $6. Arthur A. Cohen, a deeply committed theologian, and wise beyond his years, has written an extremely useful study of various Jewish problems as exemplified by people. His biography of Franz Rosenzweig is perhaps the most "felt" chapter in the book—nothing better has been written on Rosenzweig. But the most challenging remarks are his "observations on a defect of vocation," which will prove a red, pink or blue rag to many readers.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS

Right Reverend New Dealer: John A. Ryan. By Francis L. Broderick. Macmillan. $5.95. The publisher has

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TODAY'S VOCATION CRISIS

Translated and edited by GODFREY POAGE, C.P. and GERMAIN LIEVIN, C.SS.R.

The First International Congress on Vocations to the States of Perfection was held in Rome from December 10 to December 16, 1961. The result of the Proceedings is here summarized by world-wide experts on the subject. In an effort to avoid the purely theoretical, the talks and discussions were practical, efficacious, and of world-wide interest.

During the Conference both directors of vocations and specialists in spiritual direction explained their most successful methods of achieving the desired objectives. There were also opportunities for bishops and major superiors to participate in helpful discussions. All spoke their mind freely and asked many questions. This study is the result of their conferences.

Of particular interest is the chapter on the "Vocation Crisis in Latin America" by Father Jude Senieur, O.F.M.Cap., as well as the treatise on the "Vocation of the Christian to Perfection" by Rev. Bernard Haring, C.SS.R.

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subtitled this timely book "The biography of a priest-professor and social reformer extraordinary." That really doesn't do it justice. The word "definitive" should be prefixed to the word "biography," for Professor Broderick has done his job so well that it could hardly be improved upon, and certainly it will never have to be done again. Some people have objected to the title, but that's a matter of taste. The book is required reading for anyone interested in the history of social reform in the United States and, more specifically, in the relevance of moral theology to socio-economic practices and institutions.

Progress and Perspectives: The Catholic Quest For Christian Unity. By Gregory Baum, O.S.A. Sheed and Ward. $3.95. Father Baum needs no introduction to readers of The Commonweal. His recent articles on Vatican Council II have shown that he is one of the most profound and most provocative theologians writing today for a North American audience. Only by reading his new book, however, can one see his occasional articles in proper perspective and derive the full measure of the man and the full benefit of his theological learning. Father Baum's book hasn't attracted quite as much attention as Father Hans Küng's somewhat more provocative treatise on reform and reunion, but it strikes me as being, on balance, an equally and possibly even more profound analysis of this very crucial problem. God is exceptionally good to be sending us young (very young) theologians of the stature of Küng and Baum just when their perceptiveness and candor are so badly needed. May their tribe increase.

The Emerging Layman. By Donald J. Thorman. Doubleday. $3.95. Mr. Thorman's book is a popular, as opposed to a footnoted, treatise on the role of the Catholic layman in the United States, but what it may lack in the trappings of scholarship it more than makes up for with good old-fashioned common sense. It may or may not be completely to the liking of the two extremes in the continuing and very healthy intra-mural debate in this country on the role of the Catholic layman, but between these two extremes there must be thousands of priests and laymen who will welcome its publication with relief. It is a practical, down-to-earth analysis of what the emerging layman can do here and now—and what the clergy must encourage him to do—to move even further and faster into his rightful position in the total apostolate of the Church.

Prayer. By Hans Urs von Balthasar. Sheed & Ward. $5. One of the things the emerging layman must do—and that priests must encourage him to do, even as they themselves struggle to do it better and better every day—is to learn to pray. This book—a hold-over from last year's list—will be of great help to many of them, though it is only fair to warn them in advance that they will find the sledding rather rough in spots. Father Bouyer, the great French Oratorian, has characterized it as being "possibly the finest book on prayer that has appeared since, say, the seventeenth century." I am not qualified to comment on this but one doesn't have to be an expert in the literature of prayer to know that Balthasar's book is, at the very least, one of the best books of its kind that has appeared in our generation.

The Protestant Reformation. The Catholic Reformation. By H. Daniel-Rops. Dutton. $10 each. These two volumes—the fourth and fifth in Daniel-Rops' magnificent *History of the Church of Christ*—make excellent background reading for Vatican Council II. It is difficult to understand what is meant by post-Tridentine theology, for example, or post-Reformation theology (and these words keep cropping up all the time in dispatches from the Council) unless we know what caused the Reformation and what made Tridentine theology, for better or worse, more or less inevitable. Daniel-Rops is without doubt one of the most prolific writers of this or any other generation, but the quality of his writings is equal to the quantity, and even his translators seem to have acquired, by some sort of osmosis his engaging literary style.

JEAN HOLZHAUER

Henry James. The Conquest of London: 1870-1881. The Middle Years: 1882-1895. By Leon Edel. Lippincott. $8.50 each. Volumes I and III of Mr. Edel's big, definitive and also fascinating biography of the man whose impact on modern fiction was as intense as that of Joyce. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

Morte D'Urban. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday. $4.50. The long-awaited

Persian Spring

The skull of a sheep lies on the Persian plain.
Just as the winter snows began to melt
Into the foothills and the dust, this sheep
Was cut from the flock by fright and thirst and died.

Since then, the water has been seeping down.
As far as the eye can see, the ox and plow
Have been at work. Despite the sun,
The waterlevel in the ground has held.

The skull that was a sheep that now is dead
Lies tilted in a furrow. Everywhere,
The land is flourishing and eager, like
A lamb turned loose in spring to live or die.

Before the water, there was only thorn
Alas, to nibble on. The shadow of a crow
Flickers lightly on the quiet skull
Lapped to the very pate in barley shoots.

LEONARD WOLF

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nd much-discussed novel about riests and brothers in the Midwest.)ften hilarious, always sad, and less ıan a success, I think, because the uthor's and therefore the reader's ttitude toward the hero is unde-ned. Nevertheless required reading)r those interested in our national eligious life.

Serpent's Delight. By Ruth Park. oubleday. $3.95. A compact, unpre-ntious and very effective novel bout an ordinary Catholic family nder extraordinary circumstances. y an author who, most refreshingly, oes not consider illicit sex the only ıpital sin.

Raise High the Roof Beam, Carenters and *Seymour, an Introduc-on.* By J. D. Salinger. Little, Brown. 4.00. The Glass family chronicles, ontinued in hard covers by two ories previously published in *The ew Yorker.* Discursive, partisan, losed-circuit" and special as ever; lso full of magical ideas and there-)re enchanting.

Letters of James Agee to Father lye. Braziller. $5. One painful, il-ıminating side of the correspond-ıce between a gifted layman and a uite differently gifted clergyman, hose relationship obviously trans-ended both religious and psycho-)gical cliché.

RANCIS J. LALLY

Morte D'Urban. By J. F. Powers. oubleday. $4.50. This is satire hich, like Evelyn Waugh's, pos-esses great love as well as an acerbic it. The author's sense of the con-ariety of life in its pastoral dimen-ons gives meaningful reality to one nd of priest in our time and place.

The Great Hunger. By Cecil oodham-Smith. Harper & Row. 3.95. This excursion into history ay not heal as much as it will hurt, ıt it is a frightening example of hat even good men can do to their ethren in times of trouble. It also plains many a strange Irish mood ır generation cannot otherwise un-erstand.

Right Reverend New Dealer: John . Ryan. By Francis L. Broderick. acmillan. $5.95. The story of the ng uphill road is not all attractive reading but men should know how much can be accomplished, even against the most formidable odds, by those who believe in themselves and what they are doing. The man at the desk can also be a hero.

A Thomas Merton Reader. Edited by Thomas McDonnell. Harcourt, Brace and World. $5.75. The full force of the Merton message will be felt for the first time by most readers in this carefully edited and long-awaited text. As his spirituality takes shape he towers to new heights and new inspirations.

The Council, Reform and Reunion. By Hans Küng. Sheed and Ward. $3.95. Reading this book is seeing prophecy fulfilled before one's eyes. One of a very few books of which it can be said that it helped to change the course of history.

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The Guns of August. By Barbara Tuchman. Macmillan. $6.95. A tangled pattern of scores of events, secret treaties and personality conflicts led to the opening hostilities of World War I in August 1914 and, ultimately, to the end of Post-Renaissance Europe. Miss Tuchman unravels and traces the influences that led through chancelleries and the ambitions and blindnesses of monarchs and marshals to the slaughter of a generation. Her analysis of the personalities and events that preceded the Great War is fascinating and permanently enlightening. Her book will surely be a classic in the history of war.

In Parenthesis. By David Jones. Chilmark Press. $5.75. From the opposite pole of observation from Miss Tuchman's David Jones has recorded, in language that sings with rare beauty, the impressions of war from his own experience and that of his fellow soldiers in the trenches. There is no political or military analysis of great events. Instead, we have the repercussions on a sensitive, cultured and mystical mind of the comradeship, the dirt and discomfort, the occasional dignity and the general absurdity that are what war is for the ordinary soldier.

The Philosopher and Theology. By Etienne Gilson. Random House. $3.75. This is not the greatest of M. Gilson's books, but it is one of his great books. After a lifetime of philosophical study and teaching Gilson has written an intellectual testament tracing the influences that formed his thought and the directions it has followed. Nowhere has he presented more clearly the notion of Christian philosophy and the relationship between natural reason and supernatural faith. Equally important for an understanding of his philosophical position are his comments on the influence of Bergson. Gilson's insights, deserving of serious and sustained consideration, are presented with a gentle charitableness that makes this book both enlightening and enjoyable.

Morte D'Urban. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday. $4.50. With his first novel Powers has achieved a new stature, beyond stylistic expertise. Father Urban is a complex and faceted person, whose accomplishments and failures are recorded with a humor and compassion that more than compensate for his single-dimension supporting cast. Powers has emerged from the greyness of his rectories almost completely. This may well be the "literary event" the jacket proclaims.

Wise Blood. By Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50. The re-publication of Flannery O'Connor's first novel is certainly, for this reviewer, a literary event. The author describes the novel as comic concerned with matters of life and death, with freedom and integrity defined by what one is unable to do She has captured the grip that freedom and grace fasten upon conscience in a vivid, fully realized narrative. A great book, to be read, as she advises, with zest.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Conscience and Its Right to Freedom. By Eric D'Arcy. Sheed & Ward $3.50. An Australian priest-philosopher constructs a philosophical argument for freedom of conscience which should serve as a foundation stone for future discussion. He does not argue that faith must be a fact, but that conscience has a natural right to freedom; he argues philosophically, in sophisticated contemporary fashion. The argument has been implicit for generations; Father D'Arcy does the hard work of getting it out where it can be seen. Cardinal Bea has promised to raise the issu

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Father Leonard F. X. Mayhew is a parish priest serving in La Grange, Georgia.

Michael Novak is a long-time contributor of book reviews and articles to these pages.

Father George H. Tavard's most recent book is *Paul Tillich and the Christian Message* (Scribners).

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